

Jesus In LA

Alec Benjamin

Well, I shook hands with the devil
Down on the south side
And he bought us both a drink
With a pad and a pencil sat by his side
I said, "Tell me what you think"
I've been looking for my savior, looking for my truth
I even asked my shrink
He brought me down to his level
Said, "Son, you're not special
You won't find him where you think"
You won't find him down on sunset
Or at a party in the hills
At the bottom of the bottle
Or when you're tripping on some pills
When they sold you the dream you were just 16
Packed a bag and ran away
And it's a crying shame you came all this way
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA
And it's a crying shame you came all this way
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA
Took a sip of his whiskey
Said, "Now that you're with me
Well, I think that you should stay"
Yeah, I know you've been busy
Searching through the city
So let me share the way
I know I'm not your savior
Know I'm not your truth
But I think we could be friends
He said "Come down to my level
Hang out with the devil
Let me tell you, in the end
You won't find him down on sunset
Or at a party in the hills
At the bottom of the bottle
Or when you're tripping on some pills
When they sold you the dream you were just 16
Packed a bag and ran away
And it's a crying shame you came all this way
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA
And it's a crying shame you came all this way
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA"
And that is when I knew that it was time to go home
And that is when I realized that I was alone

And all the vibrant colors from the lights fade away
And I don't care what they say You won't find him down on sunset
Or at a party in the hills
At the bottom of the bottle
Or when you're tripping on some pills
When they sold you the dream you were just 16
Packed a bag and ran away
And it's a crying shame you came all this way
'Cause you won't find Jesus in LA I won't find him down on sunset
Or at a party in the hills
At the bottom of the bottle
Or when I'm tripping on some pills
When they sold me the dream I was just 16
Packed my bag and ran away
And it's a crying shame I came all this way
'Cause I won't find Jesus in LA
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